

BE AT HANGOVER HALL FEB. 4

THE GATEWAY

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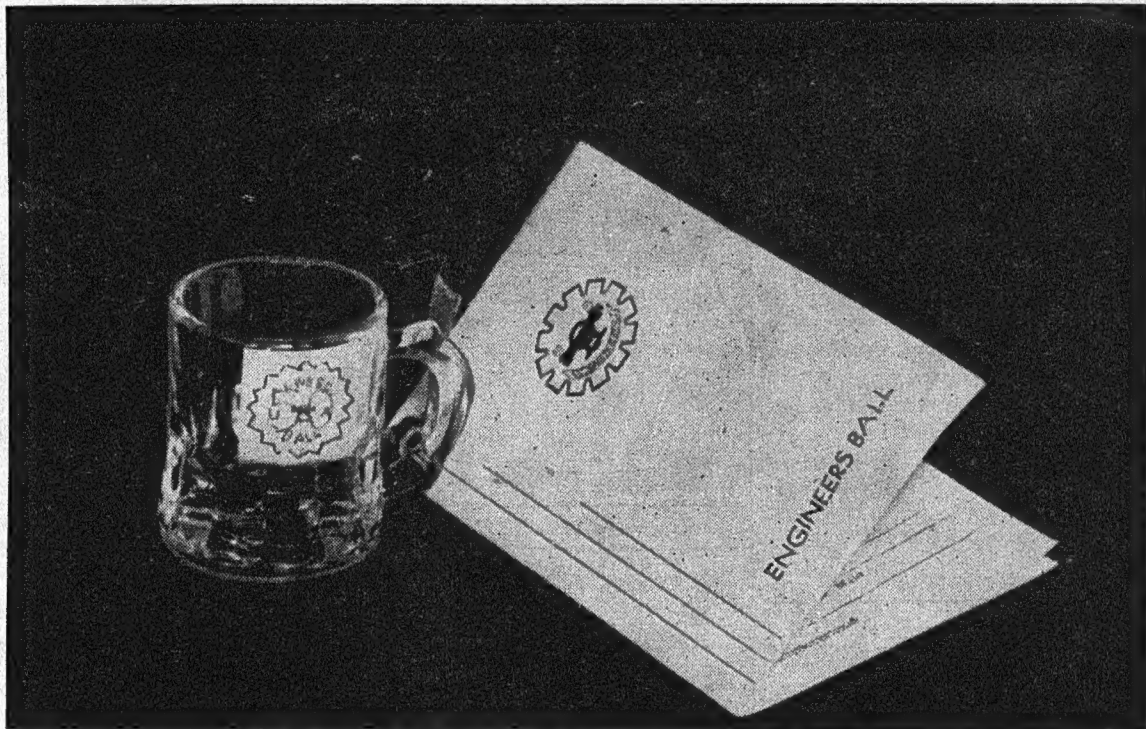
SIX PAGES

Letter From The President

Much has been said during the past years about Apathy on the campus. At the beginning of the present term, Apathy disappeared only to be replaced by a horse from the same stable—Lethargy. Lethargy, however, lived a short life, and Apathy again got its name into print. How Apathy can exist (if it does) on the campus is beyond me. If the activities of the Mixed Chorus or those of our Residence Raiding Parties are any criterion, then Apathy does not exist.

Somewhere in between the two above mentioned extremes of Student Activity we find the activities of the Engineering Students' Society. This organization carries on its activities throughout the term quite unaware of any lack of spirit on the campus, because there is no evidence of such among its members.

The functions of the Engineering Students' Society culminate in the



BABY BEER-STEIN will be given away to all persons attending the Engineers' Ball. This stein was originally designed for Arts-

men, so they could quaff their beer round for round with the Engineers, and still maintain a true course homeward.

—Photo by Moshansky

Beermen's Council Plans Big Formal

Not Liable For Damages

The Engineers are a fun loving bunch of sports and appreciate a good joke or gag probably as much as anyone else. Therefore, to whom it may concern, have all the fun you like trying to steal our Queens and other properties and persons. But if any damage is done or property destroyed in these vain attempts, the ESS will not be held responsible and will co-operate in every way with the proper authorities to find and punish those persons on whom the blame rightfully lies.

Six Co-eds Nominated For Engineers' Queen

Beermen on the campus are getting all ready for their big formal of the year.

The 12th Annual Engineers' Ball will be held in the Varsity Gym Saturday, February 4.

Tickets for the event went on sale in Arts basement Tuesday morning. Price of the tickets as \$2.00 per couple. Tickets are available for engineers only, and ESS cards must be presented when buying tickets.

There will be no reception line at the dance. Music starts at 8:30 p.m., and the first program dance begins at 9 p.m. Dancing will be to the music of Kay Pitcher and his orchestra.

Crowning of the queen will take place during the intermission. There are six candidates running for Queen of the Engineers' Ball. They are Betty Loveseth, second year engineering nominee; Pat Paul, electrical engineering; Jean Pollock, civil engineering; Faye Rhodes, mining engineering; Joan Trout, chemical engineering; and Doris Wennerstrom, first year engineering.

The setting of the ball will be a Pub, and the gym, which has been appropriately named "Hangover Hall" for the occasion, will be decorated with beer barrels and swinging doors.

Each of the branches of engineering will have an exhibit on display at the dance.

Buses will call at the Gym following the dance to transport the merry-makers downtown.

Checking facilities will be provided at the dance.

Patrons for the Ball are Dean and Mrs. R. M. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sparby, Miss Mairie Simpson, Dr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Lilge, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, and Mr. and Mrs. Gregg.

"Club '50" Set For February 11

You may think the Engineers' Ball is terrific, and you're right, because it is. There is only one small drawback—you have to be an engineer to get there (and what dance is worth that?).

However, the Inter-Fraternity Council and Pan-Hellenic Society are this year sponsoring a dance, open to everyone, which they hope to make an annual affair. There will be none of the magnificent exhibits which have brought fame to the Engineers' Ball, but there will be 12 splendid examples of structural design, the I.F.C. "Garter Girls".

"Van Vliet's Gardens" will be transformed into a super Supper Club, complete with tables, dancing girls and well-trained bouncers. (But no supper!)

The authorities have consented to let the I.F.C. and Pan-Hell attempt this experiment and banish morals from our functions on the campus. It's going to be tough! The need is urgent!

We're calling on everyone to come out and get behind "Club '50" on Saturday, Feb. 11th, from 9 to 12. Kay Pitcher and his 11-piece orchestra will provide the background for a show that would make even Ziegfeld sit up and take notice. And all this for only \$1.50 a couple.

We are forced to limit accommodation to table reservations only, so watch The Gateway for announcement of ticket sales.

ESS Executive Announce Queen Voting Procedure

Hear, ye! Hear ye!

Be it known by all and sundry, and Engineers in particular, that the election for the choosing of an Engineers' Queen will take place on Friday, February 4th, 1950, as here-in-after set forth:

1. Balloting will take place between the hours of eight-thirty in the morning and four-thirty in the afternoon.
2. The place of balloting will be in the South Lab on the Campus of the University of Alberta.
3. All bona-fide members of the Engineering Students' Society shall be eligible to vote. ESS Membership Cards must be presented.
4. Any members of the Faculty of Arts and Science, Faculty of Medicine, Faculty of Law, Faculty of Agriculture or any other minor groups who may enter the South Lab on the aforementioned day do so at their own risk. The Engineering Students' Society takes no responsibility for any injuries sustained.

Will Not Recognize IUS At Toronto U

TORONTO (CUP)—After an hour and a half long discussion, recently, that demonstrated almost as many points of view as there were speakers, the University of Toronto Committee of the National Federation of Canadian University Students voted 9-4 against affiliation of NFCUS with the Communist-dominated International Union of Students.

Immediately after the vote George Morrison, Meds' representative on the Committee, formally announced his intention to introduce a motion that the Committee urge that NFCUS lead the way in organizing a "Western Union" of students.

At the end of the dance he grabbed Thelma by the hand and beat a hasty retreat. By now intermission time was approaching, so Marilyn and I decided to go to the Macambo room. We walked down the forty-foot length of counter, people turning to stare after us, waitress striving to hide smiles, and that same half sympathetic, half caustic look directed towards me. We sat in a booth for the better part of an hour in comparative peace, and Scotty smirked when I paid the check.

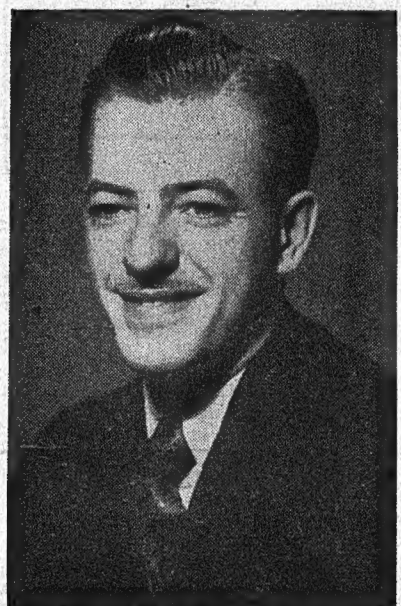
NEAR ACCIDENT

Back in the Barn, Scotty caught the wig on a lath in the tunnel, and my heart was in my mouth. We proceeded without mishap to a booth near the mouth of the tunnel and sat out a rumba, which I had traded with Doug Logan, but which Marilyn refused to perform because of the precarious position of the wig on his head. While we sat there, a curious girl thought she would be very clever, and walked backwards down the floor between the booths, pretending to be looking for her escort, meanwhile fixing Scotty with a sly look. But justice brought its own reward, and she bumped her head severely on the tunnel behind her. I gloatingly whispered my thanks to the miners again.

Just then Sailor Setters, in a condition entitling him to membership in the wavy-navy, wavered down the corridor on rapidly bending legs. He stared at Marilyn unbelievably, frowned, passed his hand over his brown, looked again, then wobbled unsteadily down the floor muttering to himself. Then a photographer came up behind me, tapped me gently on the shoulder, and said, "Pardon me, sir, would you and your—er, huh—lady friend like your picture taken?" and he peered at Scotty. (Naturally desiring a memento of the occasion, I assented. I still don't know whether the smile on his face was an indication of suppressed laughter or a guise to keep the horror which he felt from showing. Anyway, he didn't realize the actual truth until Scotty and I went to collect the photo a couple of days later.

GALS CATCH ON

The next dance was with Ray Sutherland, whose companion was Kay McAdam. Both are good friends of Scotty's, but Ray failed to recognize him—he just kept a sphinx-like smile on his face and took it like a man. But Kay sputtered deliciously, unable to withhold her laughter—you can't fool these gals! While I waited for her joy to subside to gentle amusement, Ray began to jitterbug madly. No wonder Katherine was unable to stop laughing—the sight was indeed one for sore eyes. Scotty's five o'clock shadow was beginning to come through his make-up, the white theatrical base looked ghostly (or ghastly) under the strong lights, his skirt whirling around his knees revealing ski pants underneath, the



AL NOREM
... ESS President

Engineers' Ball, which falls this year on February 4, and which I predict will be bigger and better than ever before due to the untiring (and unapathetic) work of many committees which have been entrusted with its success.

The various classes are to be congratulated on the candidates they have nominated for Engineers' Queen. We sincerely thank the six lovely co-eds for the part they are playing in this special feature of the Ball. May the most Queenly among you achieve this distinction.

See you at the Ball!

AL NOREM,
President, E.S.S.

Engineer Takes Pre-Law To 1944 Engineers' Ball

(Reprinted from The Gateway Files, 1944-45)

The Engineers' Ball, the most looked-forward-to formal of the year, was at last crashed by a member of the Faculty of Law (well, pre-law), Mr. Alwyn Scott, in the ingenious guise of a girl, a somewhat dilapidated looking female, perhaps, but a fairly good representation of the fairer sex. Yours truly, finding himself with no date a few days before the event, and not wishing to take pot-luck in the Classified Ad section of the Journal, as some had done, decided to create his own ideal. Discarding other likely entries because of bass voices, I found Alwyn! We began work immediately, collecting various bits of feminine apparel, and enlisting the aid of his mother. I might say here that without Mrs. Scott's aid, operations would have been exceedingly difficult; she remade her best evening gown (a ducky little red number) to fit Alwyn's brawny physique, and made a beautiful job out of a somewhat-the-worse-for-wear wig obtained from the Masquerade Parlors.

Engineer Sings With Symphony

Bill Kelly, third year civil engineer at the university, is one of the best-known singers on the campus.

Bill will be the guest soloist with the University Symphony Orchestra when they present their concert in Convocation Hall the middle of February.

For the past two years Bill has sung for the University Musical Club on their Sunday evening concerts. He last performed for this group at their January concert.

A member of the Mixed Chorus, Bill is one of the soloists with this group. In the Mixed Chorus concerts which are being presented in Con Hall Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Bill sings the solo in the composition, "The Turtle Dove".

Bill first became popular with university audiences for his renditions of sea shanties, and he also sings one of these in the Mixed Chorus concert.

But Bill has not confined his musical activities to University functions. He is a member of the Edmonton Civic Opera Society, and sang in that company's performance of "Carmen" given this fall.

Bill Kelly is proof that engineers have culture.

Senior Prom Date Conflicts With Med Ball At Macdonald

Wot, no Meds?

That's right. There won't be many Meds at the Senior Formal. It appears that the Sawbones' Club is holding some form of shindig the same night, strictly a minor affair we are told—not even worth scheduling.

Contrary to all rumors, the Senior Formal is not to be limited to Engineers only. Everyone else is invited, starting with bona-fide Seniors of course.

February 28 is the date set for the Senior Prom, which has been tentatively named "Memories of U".

It will be held at the Trocadero in the heart of downtown Edmonton, and about three hundred couples are expected to attend. At \$2.50 a couple the Students' Council can't object.

Arrangements for the dance are being carried out by an all Engineer executive but one. Even she has sympathies with the Engineers, it is rumored. Audrey Coppock first became acquainted with Engineers early on the morning of the Mardi Gras and then ran as their candidate for vice-president in the only Senior election held.

Dancing will be from nine till twelve, with the proviso that if enough people attend it will be continued until twelve-thirty. Corages will be worn, and everything points toward the Senior being the dance of the year (next to the Engineers' Ball, that is).

Therefore, all you Seniors take note: it is time to start thinking. First find a girl who will go out with a Senior; second, buy a permit (not for the girl, they're out of season); third, find the few odd cents required; and fourth, come to "Memories of U" on the 28th of February.

staring crowd, and the perplexed look on Ray's face—"Is she, or is she ain't"—were too much.

But some of the engineers were beginning to assemble in whispering groups (who could help but catch on when Scotty went around winking at the old girl friends?), and deciding that discretion is by far the better part of valor (especially with Engineers), like the Arabs we took our wraps and silently stole away. The trip back was uneventful, and after saying goodnight to an excited Marilyn, I wended my weary way homeward. I hope I enjoy next year's ball as much I have this one.

(The following year the writer of this article switched to pre-med.—Ed.)

Tickets On Sale For Ball At Hangover Hall

Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, tickets for the one and only Engineers' Ball went on sale in the basement of the Arts Building.

According to Gardy Hutcheon, manager of ticket sales, it will be literally "Cash on the barrel head" to the tune of two dollars a couple. The tickets will be on sale from nine till four from Tuesday to Friday and on Saturday morning only.

In keeping with the motif of the ball, the tickets will be accompanied with a souvenir beer stein.

Ticket sale is being limited to five hundred couples, so all you lucky persons with an ESS card and two little greenbacks had better hurry down to the basement (if you will pardon the expression) Arts Building and pick up those little tickets.



With this seductive dreamy look, the above Pre-Law man put it over the Engineers with his chic hair-do and 1944 ensemble. This little act rivals the U.E.C. man who crashed the annual Coed Pajama Party. The U. of A. man's career of being absorbed, and finally beat a hasty retreat to the back of the line.

POOR UNFORTUNATE of former years was the freshman engineer of 1944 that crashed the Engineers' Ball with a first year pre-law student as his girl friend. Clever

make-up and careful dress almost fooled the Engineers, but a few cagey students caught on and the couple beat a hasty retreat.

—Photo by Moshansky

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This Is The Answer

Dear friends and gentle people, this campus is dead. In fact, it is about as dead as a champagne cork at a temperance picnic. I know this is an old theme, but if you will bear with me for a few minutes we will try to put this theme in a new light so that you may judge for yourself what hope there is for a revival.

Who is to blame? Well, look at it this way. In the past five years the following functions have been cancelled:

The Engineers' Parade. Reason, it disturbed lectures. Now, have any of you honestly taken any course on this campus which could not have been improved by the cancelling of at least one lecture?

Another one to suffer was the Engineers' Ball, which for years was cancelled because of the activities of a few persons at one of the Balls. Now this may be a certain way to prevent a repetition of an unpleasant affair, but it seems rather unfair that students in future years should suffer for the sins of a few persons whom they didn't even know.

The Annual Engineers' Edition of The Gateway was killed because some of the material printed was offensive. Certainly the method is effective if not very original, and it did serve very effectively to quiet one of the most consistently active groups on the campus.

The Varsity Varieties, a variety show which was made up of campus talent, was banned because it was not becoming the calibre of University students, this despite the fact that it was sold out completely for all performances.

Now these are only a few incidents which could be mentioned, and they apply mostly to the Engineers, and no doubt similar incidents could be told about many other faculties. The point that is trying to be brought out is that the faculty is not behind student activities. This statement in itself is not entirely true, for there are a few faculty members who do try to promote campus spirit, but they are in such a minority as to be lost in the mass. Imagine, if you can, the effect on a class of students when an instructor refers to a group of visiting students as juvenile adolescents.

The students themselves, however, are not entirely free of blame when the point of apathy comes up for discussion. For example, what has become of the Saturday night dances which were so popular four years ago. So far this year, there have been two of them. By these dances we mean the ones which used to be held in the Drill Hall and to which the only prerequisite to admission was twenty-five cents. We know there have been dances of this type on the campus through the year, but after attending one or two in the Ed Gym or in Athabaska Hall it becomes obvious why so many people stay away in such large numbers.

Two reasons have been put forward for the abandonment of these events, and as far as we can see they are rather thin. The first is the old argument about confliction of the schedule of events.

Look at it this way: even the largest function will draw no more than seven hundred persons from the campus, and what are the remaining thirty-three hundred supposed to do. To prove that Saturday night dances are still popular with most people, take a short trip to the Mem or Rainbow some Saturday evening and enjoy a class reunion.

The second reason put forward for the abandoning of Saturday night functions was the senior basketball. Now, if you will look back at Waw-waw Weekend you will see that when the basketball was moved ahead about an hour it was possible to accommodate both the functions. If a closer inspection of the finances were made it would probably be found that both of these affairs benefited by the presence of the other.

In order that this may not be just another session, we would like to bring forward the following points for discussion and consideration.

Let's get the faculty behind the students' activities, and not only in a passive way, but let them actively get out and support

Love 'N Stuff

By EEPE

We were standing in the porch, our lips were tightly pressed, The old man gave the signal, and the bulldog did the rest—

—Now I don't mean to frighten you, or scare you far away, But hang around awhile, son, and hear what I have to say.

Don't never take to holdin' hands, and walkin' by the moon, Don't never stop in shady nooks to smooch around or spoon. Don't never go to dinner, or in to meet the folks, Don't never let 'er darn your socks, or even roll your smokes, Don't never let 'er look at you, don't let 'er do a thing, Or else I'm tellin' you, son, she's goin' to wear your ring.

Now there are lots of other things, such as blinkin' eyes Puckerin' of a warm, red mouth, heavin' of wishful sighs. But never let 'em fool you, son, just let 'em go their way Or else I'm tellin' you, son, you'll be around to stay.

Now take a look at me, son I've watched and seen 'em all; I've seen better men than you, son, take that mighty fall, Trapped they were like animals, and I'm tellin' you no lies, Wastin' away to nothin', with bags beneath their eyes, The twisted pain of agony, it's worse than you would think, Until at last they find relief in blessed, wretched drink.

Now this might be to you, son, the same as your poor old Pa, For I'm the saddest man, son, I'm sure you ever saw, For the happiest days of my life, son, are all in the distant past, When I squandered all my money on drink and livin' fast.

Now I know that you'll ignore, son, somehow they always do, So all I have to say, son, is the best of luck to you, Here's some dough for fun, son, here's the keys to the car, Go a little way, son, but never go too far.

PSALM 151

Verily, I say unto ye, marry not an engineer, For an engineer is a strange being and possessed of many evils. Yea, he speaketh always in parables which he calleth formulae, He wieldeth a big stick which he calleth a sliderule, And he hath only one bible, a handbook. He thinketh only of strains and stresses and without end of thermodynamics, He showeth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile. He picketh his seat in a car by the springs thereof and not by the damsels.

Neither does he know a waterfall except by its horsepower. Nor a sunset except that he must turn on the light, Nor a damsel except by her mass.

Always he carrieth his books with him, and he entertaineth his sweetheart with steam tables.

Verily though his damself expecteth chocolates when he calleth, she openeth the package to discover samples of iron ores. Yea, he holdeth her hand but to measure the friction thereof, and he kisseth her only to measure the viscosity of her lips, For in his eye there is a far away look that is neither love nor longing—rather a vain attempt to recall a formula.

Even as a boy he pulleth the girls' hair but to test its elasticity, But as a man he deviseth different devices, For he counteth the vibrations of her heartstrings And seemeth ever to pursue his scientific investigations, Even his own heart flutterings he counteth as a measure of fluctuations.

He describeth his passion as a formula, And his marriage is a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns

And yielding diverse results. Verily I say unto ye, marry not an engineer.

these functions, and above all, remember that in ten or twenty years from now most graduates won't remember what the square root of X is but they will remember the time that lectures were cancelled in order that the students could greet the homecoming team.

The second point that should be brought out is the fact that more student functions should be held at which all students could participate. By this we mean specifically the house dances in the Drill Hall. It doesn't matter who sponsors them, whether it is the classes, faculties, or private groups, but what we do need are functions where it is possible for the students to meet other students and develop that feeling that they have something in common other than classes.—J.S.D.



UNCLE WIGGLE'S BEDTIME STORIES FOR

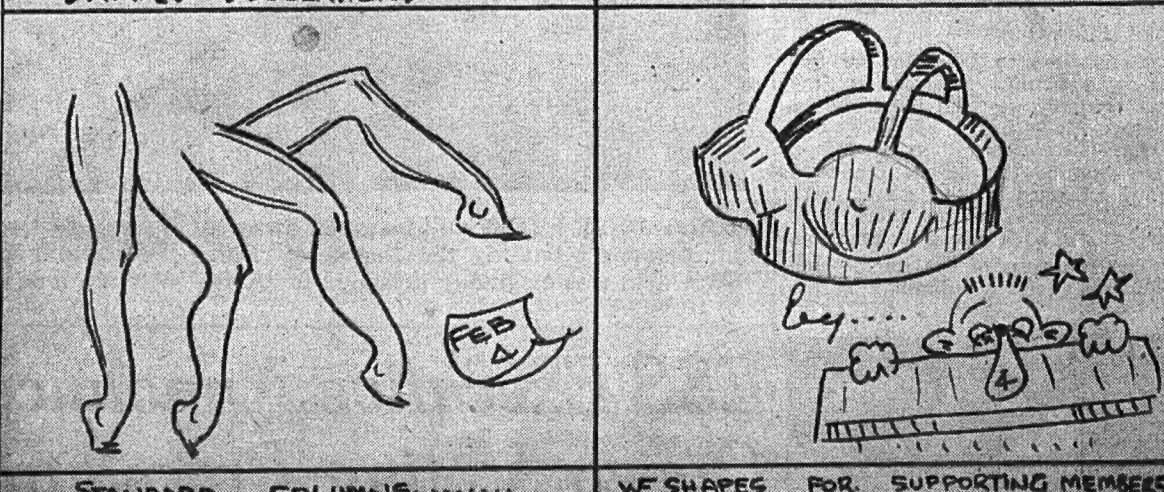
artsmen

TONIGHT WE WILL EXPLAIN SOME TERMS USED BY THOSE OUTSTANDING FELLOWS, THE ENGINEERS!



DAMPED OSCILLATIONS.....

PROBABILITY CURVES.....



STANDARD COLUMNS.....

WE SHAPES FOR SUPPORTING MEMBERS.....

In Tuck... with Ulcers

Roll out the barrel, fellow Engineers, for the date of that paramount of campus dances, The Ball, fast approaches.

Let us now take you ahead in time to the night of February 4th, and direct your unsteady path to that den of men, to be known as Hang-over Hall.

As you enter through the swinging doors and two commissioners with your particular choice for queen by your side, she remarks in a disillusioned manner, "but I thought this was a respectable dance."

But her troubled thoughts are soon dispelled, as she gazes upon what is to be the grandest ball of all.

In the background, instead of raucous laughter and talk, soft music is playing, the lights are low, and the decorations so novel, so suitable.

It is now the sixth dance (Sixth Shambles), you quickly stumble over to check your coats. There has been some mistake; no regular checking service is available, only several tenders behind a convertible bar, well stocked with E.C.D. milk bottles. As you lean heavily against the rail, a prosperous looking chap behind a handlebar mustache murmurs in your ear, "If you're dry, four dollars will get you a mickey."

As you slip to the ground, which he takes as a nod, he delivers one quart of milk, courtesy of the Ag candidate for Queen.

You, as a rational engineer, groan and wonder to yourself if milk will ferment in several hours.

We turn around and look with bloodshot eyes at an imposing array of large Hook signs, exhorting all to buy the best in Ginger Ales and to protect Alberta's wild life. These slogans are, of course, pointless, for the ginger ale is nowhere observable, and most of Alberta's wild life is well protected tonight, courtesy of the Corps of Commissioners and the Official Protection Committee of the 12th annual Engineers' Ball.

"Lovely," your date says. "Just like the Calgary Highway."

You cross the floor with difficulty, tripping over several over-indulgent first year men. The Chemicals' display meets your eye, and you gaze with awe and amazement at man's finest and ultimate accomplishment, a perpetual beer drinker. The theme is, of course, "Temperance—keyword in Canadian living." For here is a true and worthy engineer. No vaunted 40 beers his limit—he will never become drunk, though he should drink to the end of time. A pitiful animal beside him is

crumpled over the table. He is obviously an Arts man.

The men of rivets and girders proudly show their bridge and clover leaf.

The miners having been refused permission to dig a gold mine through the floor, display a mole's eye view of a mine.

You, being an engineering metaphysics student, go over to see your display, which is just out of this world. In fact, it is nowhere around.

Off in the corner you see the engineering geology exhibit, a boulder from the front of Athabaska Hall. It is reported to have been left there by a glacier which moved south last week. Tonight it was moved over to the drill hall by those fifty unfortunate artsmen who attempted to steal the queens.

But what is this that is happening? Trumpets are sounding, people are shoving and pushing to see, to hear, what we have all been waiting for weeks to see.

Who is she? I propose now to tell you just what will happen at that glorious time. You will see two long lines of people drawn up waiting with bated breath. The faces are obscure, indistinct. Who is Queen?

At last, through the vapors and smoke the line approaches. Wow, you say, things are getting foggy and foggier—and then you slip unconscious to the floor.

Your Pledge: Next year you will remain strictly sober. For one year you want to see what the last dance looks like and just what the girl friend looks like at two-thirty in the morning.

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For
The Engineers' Ball

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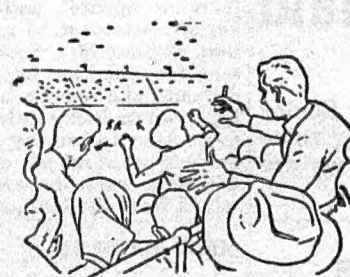
RAINBOW BALLROOM

Wednesday Nite - Varsity Nite

DANCING ALSO FRI. and SAT. NIGHTS

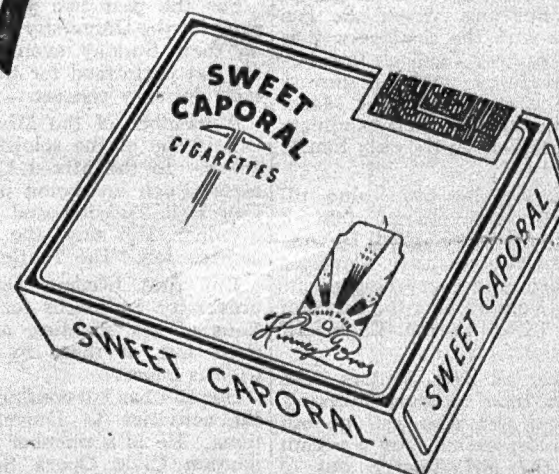
Bingo—Thursday Nite

Whyte Avenue and 109th Street



At the Game

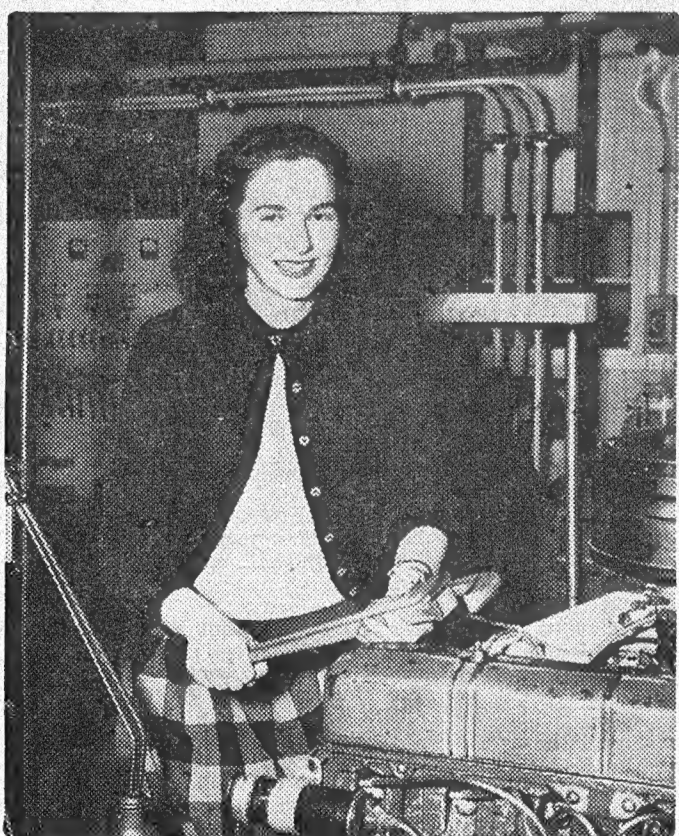
Smoke and enjoy
CAPS
SWEET



U. of A.



BETTY ANN LOVESETH

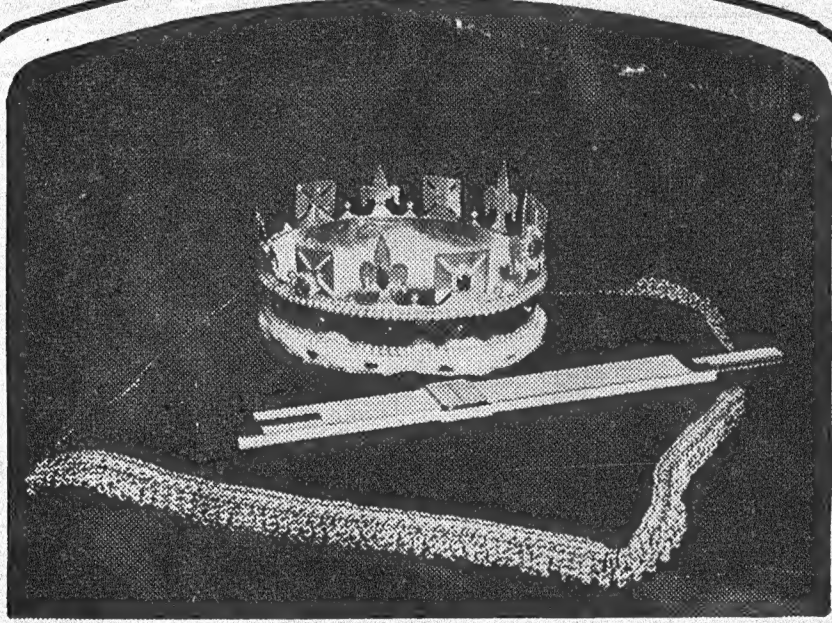


JEAN POLLOCK



PAT PAUL

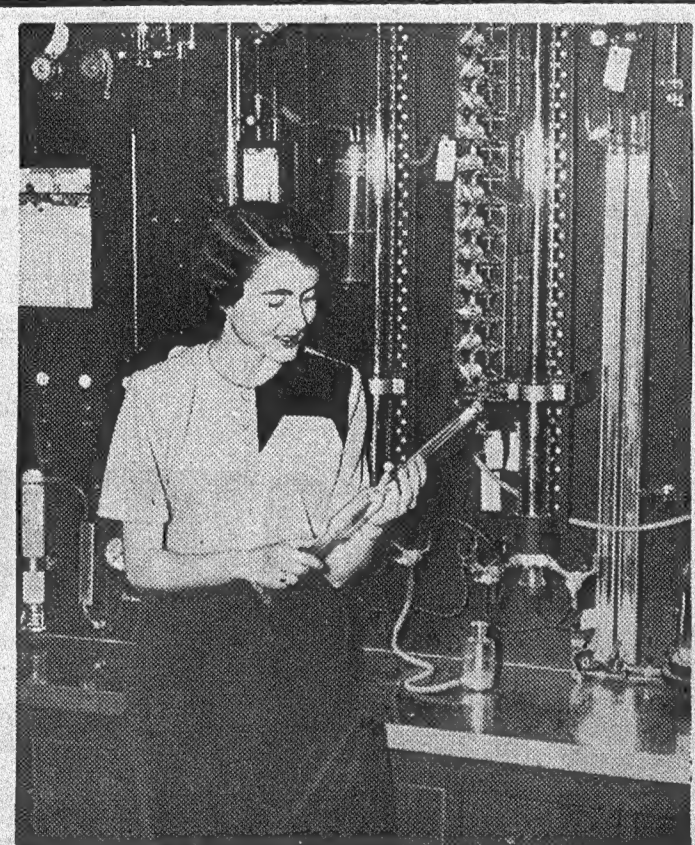
12th Annual E.S.S. Ball



Feb. 4th '50



FAYE RHODES



JOAN TROUT



DORIS WENNERSTROM

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

It's okay to tell a gal she has pretty ankles—but don't compliment her too highly.

Intuition is that gift which enables a woman to arrive instantly at an infallible and irrevocable decision without the aid of reason, judgment or discussion.

A gal might wear a bathing suit when she can't swim or shorts when she can't play tennis—but, brother, when she puts on a wedding dress she means business.

Old spinster to the burglar—"Yes, yes, I have money. Well, don't stand there—frisk me!"

This may be the machine age, but at least we are still making love by hand.

Some people have no respect for age unless it is bottled.

A sweater is a good investment for a girl. She gets out of it what she puts into it—and draws a lot of interest besides.

A damsel who hailed from Madrid,
Was naughty in all that she did.
She favored strip poker,
And played till it broke her,
Which make her a popular kid.

"Is that girl's dress torn or am I seeing things?"
"Both."

"I've got a job down at the Hottch Night Club as a featured entertainer."

"Do you go on with a band?"
"Oh, no. The police insist I wear more than that."

An American resident in China remonstrated with her house boy for taking her linen into her bedroom without knocking.

"That all right, Missy," said the native. "Every time come, looksee through keyhole. Nothing on, no come in."

Two women were airing their troubles.
"I'd like to get a divorce," said the first. "My husband and I just don't get along."

"Why don't you sue him for incompatibility?" asked the other sympathetically.

"I would if I could catch him at it," announced the first sincerely.

Her mind was like a bachelor's bed—never made up.

Guy—"You see, if we enter into a companionate marriage, we can live together for a while, and then if we find out that we've made mistakes we can separate."

Gal—"Yes, but what'll we do with the mistakes?"

Clerk—"Shopping bags?"
Gals—"No, just looking."

Dentist—"I'm sorry, but I'm all out of gas."

Gal (leaping from chair)—"Ye gods, do dentists pull that stuff too?"

We have a sneaking suspicion most chorus girls get sables the same way sables get sables.

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"Nope."

"Neck?"

"Of course not."

"Eat hay maybe?"

"Well, certainly not!"

"Woman, you're not fit company for man or beast."

"I'm sure my husband is unfaithful to me," she moaned, "because none of the children look like him."

This happened after World War III, when atomic bombs had killed every last human being. After three or four days, when the dust and debris had settled, a couple of monkeys came out of their cave and solemnly surveyed the desolate landscape. After several minutes, the small monkey turned to her friend and said, "Well, honey, shall we start the whole damn thing over again?"

"Dere goes that Many Jackson wid her ten pick-aninnies. She sho do look repugnant."

"Lan' sakes! Again?"

Little Miss Muffet

Decided to rough it

In a cabin quite old and medieval.

A rounder espied her

And plied her with cider,

And now she's the forests, Prime Evil.

She—"Don't you thing dancing makes a girl's feet larger?"

He—"Yes."

She—"I rather think that swimming gives a girl awfully big shoulders, don't you?"

He—"Yeah."

Pause.

He—"You must ride quite a bit, too."

The elderly guest of honor was seated across the table from a lovely lady wearing one of the latest

strapless evening gowns. Despite the conversation of his charming neighbors, the guest couldn't keep his eyes away from the revealing and suggestive contours.

"Pardon me, Madam," he began, "just had to ask you what keeps that dress up?"

"Just two things," she replied. "Your age—and my discretion."

The elderly spinster had inherited a boarding house and found that she was unable to keep within her budget, and as a result the house was losing money. She decided that she wouldn't change the sheets so often, and still the budget wouldn't balance. She then decided not to change the towels so often, but still the budget showed no improvement.

In desperation she posted a sign in the bathroom requesting the guests to use not more than ten sheets of toilet paper. This still showed no effect on her budget, so she changed the sign requesting that the guests use only eight sheets of paper. Still no change, so she lowered the number to six.

When she went in to clean up the bathroom next day she found written across the bottom of her sign: "What the hell is par for this hole, anyway?"

"That will be enough out of you," said the Ag student as he went to the next cow.

Then there is the story about the Ag student who got up one Sunday morning, slipped into his wife's dressing gown by mistake and went to let the iceman in. He was greeted by a great big kiss. The only way he can figure it out is that the iceman's wife has a kimona just like it.

Tony (talking to the garageman)—"I wanta you should comma fix my car."

Garageman—"What's wrong with it?"

Tony—"I dunno, but the battery she no bat, the spark plugs no spark, the generator she no gen, the pistons—they no work either."

One day a man dropped into the family allowance and asked for the allowance for his twelfth child. The clerk looked at him and asked him if he was planning on any more children. The man looked serious for a minute, and said: "Lady, if I have any more children I'm going to hang myself."

A year later he was back in the office again, and the clerk asked him if he wasn't the man who said he would hang himself if it happened again.

"Well," replied the man, "I did. I got the rope, tied a knot in it, and even had it over the rafters when I suddenly said to myself, 'Don't be a fool, George; you may be hanging an innocent man.'"

It Happened On the Arkk

When Noah's ark was floating around in the sea it happened to spring a leak, and a dog was sent down to plug the hole with his nose. In time, however, the hole grew larger and the dog could no longer stop the water, so Mrs. Noah was sent down to plug the hole with her feet. This worked for a time, but finally Noah himself was forced to sit on the hole till the ark reached land. To this day, however, this little episode has had a lasting influence on civilization for a dog has a wet nose, women have cold feet, and men always stand with their backs to a fire.

Two gamblers were in the hospital and were not allowed to have any cards to carry on a game. After much trouble they managed to accumulate fifty-two case cards. The game went on and finally came to a show-down. The first showed two pairs, two tonsilitis and two appendix, then demanded what the other had. The other showed four enemas, and added, "I guess I get the pot?"

Very popular this season are girls with blue eyes and green backs.

When women go wrong, men go right after them.

He—"What are my chances with you?"
She—"Two to one. You and me against my conscience."

A wise woman is the one who makes her husband feel he's head of the house when he's only chairman of the entertainment committee.

Gal—"There are lots of couples who don't pet in parked cars."

Boy—"Yes, the woods are full of them."

Co-ed—"I blush so easily. Whenever I sit down and think, I blush. What can I do about it?"
Psychiatrist—"Try and think about something else."

Well, doc, seeing as how we went to school together and have been pals for a long time, you don't need to send me a bill. I've remembered you in my will."

"That's fine, pa. By the way, let me see that prescription I just wrote for you."

Gold diggers are paid by the weak.

She—"It's a shame the way you start making passes at me after a half-dozen drinks."

He—"What's shameful about that?"

She—"Wasting five drinks."

"Why is the Statue of Liberty surrounded by water?"

Stude—"Well, sir, I guess the teacher didn't see her with her hand up."

Maisie was in the bar having a beer when a friend from England came in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"
"No, it's just the cut of my coat."

In Tuck Shop.

First Stude: "Give me a beef tongue sandwich."

Second Same: "I couldn't eat anything that's been in a cow's mouth. Just make mine an egg sandwich."

Much is blamed on the stork which would be better blamed on a lark.

Toast heard at the last Beer fight:

Here's to temptation and opportunity!
May they soon meet.

A Poem on Wild Life

Wabbits is a funny wace,

The fings they do

is a disgrace.

You'd be suprised

If you but knew

The Awful fings that wabbits do.

An often too.

A serious thought for today
Is one that may cause us dismay:
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all of the horses say "Nay?"

A city and chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true.
The city's built with outskirts,
The chorus girl is, too.

Then there is the girl who says
that you can lead an Engineer to
water, but why disappoint him?

Perplexed Oriental: "Our children
velly white, all velly strange."
Second Same: "Oh, well, occidends
will happen."

"What have you done?" Saint Peter
asked,
"That I should admit you here?"
"I ran The Gateway," the Editor
said,
"At Alberta for one long year."
St. Peter pityingly shook his head,
And gravely touched the bell:
"Come in, poor thing, and select a
harp,
"You've had your share of hell."

i wish i waz
en awthur
i wish i waz
en poet
but i ken never
bee un
en how dem wel
i no
ett.

Here lies poor Jones, the iceman,
We fuid him here today;
For he led the life of Riley
When Riley was away.

An insurance agent told about a
valuable wardrobe which his firm
insured for a client during an ero-
pean trip.

Upon reaching London she wired:
"Gown lifted in London."
After due consideration, the fol-
lowing answer was sent: "What do
you think our policy covers?"

No wonder the little duckling
wears on its face a frown,
For it has just discovered
It's first pair of pants are down.

First Engineer (looking at girl)—"Say, her neck's
dirty."

Second Ditto—"Her does?"

Feudal Lord to son—"I hear you misbehaved while
I was away."

Son—"In what manor, sir?"

Her lawyer was a bashful man,
And faintly blushed when he began
The poor dead husband's will to scan.
He smiled while thinking of his fee,
Then said to her quite tenderly:
"You have a nice fat legacy!"
That night while lyin in his bed,
With bandages about his head,
He wondered what in hell he'd said.

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring, and
saw a Chinese peddler standing at the front door.
Quickly retreating, she called out to the maid, "There
is a Chinese at the door. You go Ella."

That was too much for the peddler. He stuck his
head in the door and shouted indignantly, "You go Ella
yourself!"

If as Shakespeares says, "All the world's a stage,"
then I guess all the Doctors could be classed as ushers.

Notices

LOST

If the person who took the bottle
of alcohol from my basement the
other night will return Grand-
mother's appendix, no questions will
be asked.

FOR SALE

Tuxedo, size 36, fair condition,
complete with dress shirt. Bargain
at \$29.50.

Tube Skates (hockey), hardly
used, size 11, \$4.50.
Norman Cooke, 10738 84 Ave., or
leave note at Students' Union office.

LOST

A brown paper bag containing a
hair brush, a deck of cards and
assorted other articles of value, like
some folded sheets of wax paper.
The paper bag is also valuable, as it
is an heirloom of the owner. If
found, please return to Max Deare,
or turn in to The Gateway office in
Athabasca.

Thirsty Engineers

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wine and beers.
The goat and sheep at 20 die,
But never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The dog at 20 cashes in
Without the aid of Rum or Gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in 12 short years it croaks.

The cow drinks water by the ton
And when 18 is almost done.
The hog when young is laid to rest
And never knows a cocktail's zest.
The modest, sober, bone dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs and dies at 10.
The Lower animals are cursed
Because they lack a liquor thirst.

Oh, not for them the lusty song
And noisy revel all night long.
Oh, not for them the merry quips
That freely flow from wet wine lips.
From birth they play a tragic part,
A stop before they fairly start.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die.

But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for 3-score years and 10.
They compass and the square they
use

But wines and beers they most
abuse.

They always reach the very top
And pull with main till cork goes
pop.

They draft and build and stretch the
wire,
Sing forty beers till they retire.

God made a machine;
The machine made men;
Doctors, lawyers, priests, and then
The devil got in and stripped the
gears

And turned out the first batch of
Engineers.

He (embracing her warmly)—
"My darling, those freckles are cute."

She—"Freckles, hell! Those are
measles!"

CLEARANCE SALE

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Cardigan, Reg. 11.95 . . 8.50

Dress Shirts

Plain Shades, Reg. to 5.50, 1.69

Stripes, Reg. to 5.50 . . . 1.69

U. of A. Blazers

Ladies Model

Reg. 15.95 SALE, 10.95

Trousers

Gabardines, Serges, Worsteds

Reg. to 15.50 SALE, 4.95

All Wool Anklets

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Reg. 1.25 Sale, 89c

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Broken Lines

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Pullover, Reg. 6.95 . . . 4.95 Zipper, Reg. 10.95 . . . 7.95

Cardigan, Reg. 11.95 8.50

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The History Of Helium The Heel

(From the 1949 Science Edition, Queen's Journal)

Helium was only a little fellow, in fact, he was the smallest in his family and the second smallest body who sat at the Atomic Table. Hydrogen, the smallest one at the table, sat at Helium's left. He made up for his size by being very active, in fact, he really got around and had had connections with some of the better families at the table, although he often was forced to part company after their first reaction. On Helium's other side was Lithium who was also very excitable and could get more violent reactions with water than most people can with stronger liquids. However, in spite of this he was more careful in other ways, and as he was always telling He did not put all his electrons in one orbit. Lithium also formed many connections but He had always been in the single state, probably because there was no Shelenium, and He was so inactive and lazy that he had been called the original atomic bum. He (for that is what most people called him) was a wealthy little fellow with his full complement of electrons and though larger fellows had more, few had as little use for them.

One day He decided to go for a swim in the atmosphere and to look at the cosmos as he lazed about in the sun. Now He was unaware of the bad effects that cosmos have on little fellows, and before he knew it he was in an excited state and went into one of the local degenerate distribution functions, and in a few microseconds the law of chance had robbed him of two of his electrons. He had always supposed that some trouble might befall him if he entered one of these functions, and now he was positive.

He found he had one neutrino left and spent it in an absorption spectrum. After he had absorbed as much as he could, he left the spectrum unsteadily in a series of Brownian movements. His progress became more unsteady, and he found himself placed in a cell in "phase space" for the night. When he was finally released from behind the potential barrier, he hurried out of the vicinity. (Sometimes particles in trying to hurry, are campered by relativity, but He, as mentioned before, had no close relatives.)

As He was in a low energy state he returned to the Atomic Table only to find that there was no place for him. Word had been received of his adventures and He had been charged with misconduct, and the charges proved positively that he was no longer worthy of a place among the stable elements.

Disheartened but repentant he set out to obtain some new electrons and to regain his old status as a stable element. He set out for the store of Mike Rofarad who usually handle such things, but Mike claimed that he hadn't any, and no matter how Helium begged him Mike was positive and finally repelled the poor particle. However, as Helium set off down a mean-free path, he overheard some gossip that two electrons had just been discharged in a tube nearby and set out to see if he could take them on. When he arrived at the radio in which the tube was situated, he found there were certain elements that he had not considered. The discharged electrons were far from unhappy, and in fact were having a grid time racing about playing ball and especially in sliding into home plate.

After several more attempts to receive electrons failed, He decided that he might better continue in an active state. Since he now was capable of participating in radio activity, he decided to make it his life work, and indeed he did and became quite famous. So much so that he is probably the star on your local Geiger Counter.

Riding The Rods With A Graduate Engineer

(Note: The following article was presented to the Graduating Class recently by Mr. I. P. Straight, who graduated here in 1925.)

As a young man of 20, I sallied forth with grandiose ideas of building the finest bridges, buildings, and hydraulic works this country had ever seen. Having obtained a First Class General, I was immediately snapped up by a very progressive community as a Consulting Engineer.

Hobbsman did seem to offer unlimited scope for one with my capabilities and rapid advancement seemed inevitable. But within ten days the City Fathers had censured me regarding a Cost Estimate of a proposed disposal system for 42nd St. My slide rule figure was \$43,600.00; Alderman Mamiehaha was quick to point out that the actual figure should have been \$43,601.20. I counter-attacked with Moments of Inertia and Castigliano's Theorem and saved the day.

Then trouble developed in the Mayor's chair. Frankly, it backed up. Ordinary fishing tools were used to no avail, and in a moment of

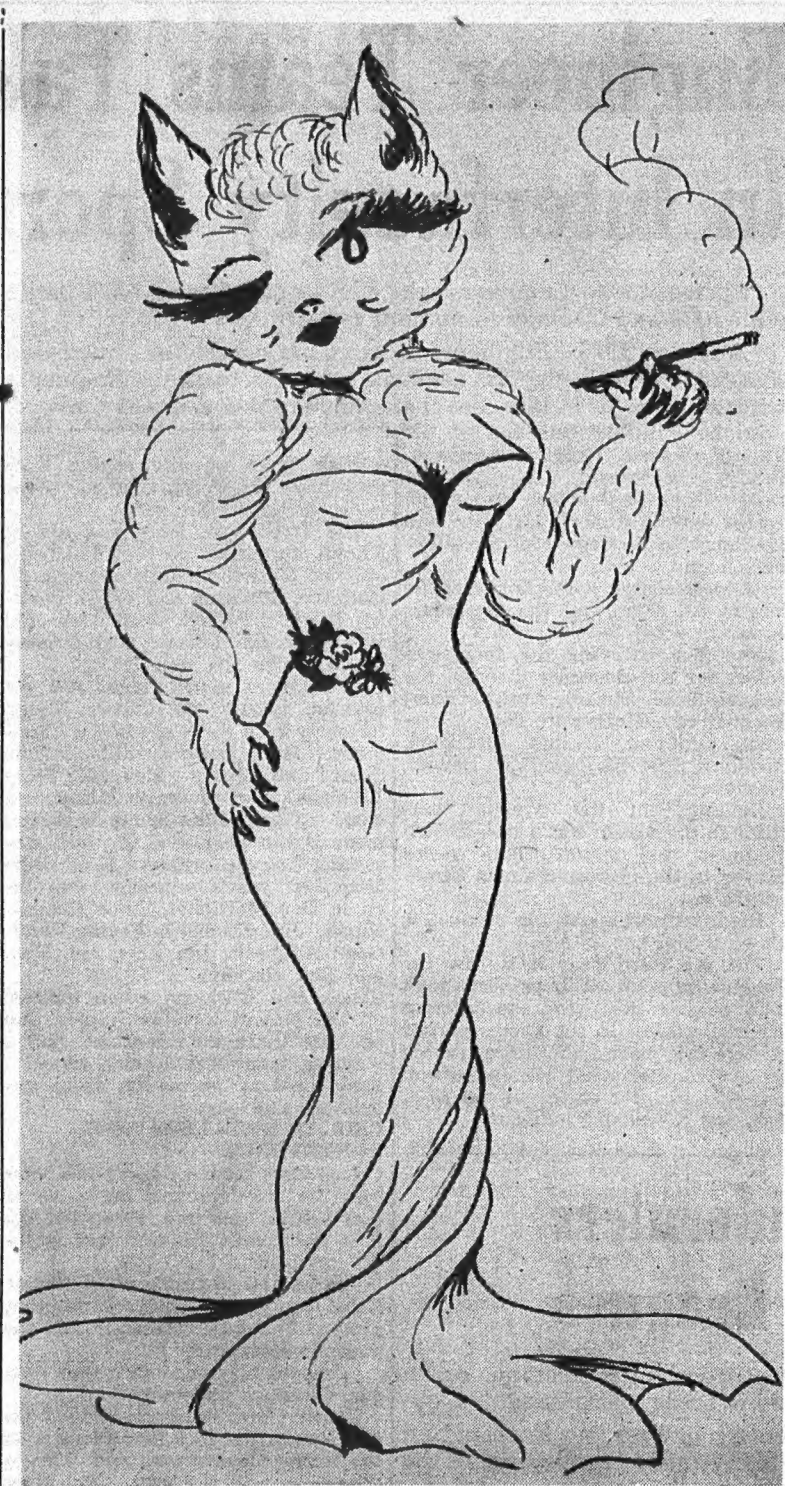
anger I pointed out to the Mayor that this was not the proper method of disposing of cast-off mulluks. A proclamation to this effect was issued under the Mayor's hand; and once Alderman M. took issue with my vocabulary, informing me that the correct designation should have been moccasons. Clearly, these incidents highlighted the need of an English Culture Course and of some Simple Commerce Subjects (are there any other kind?) in our curriculum.

Things were rosy until the day our nearly-completed seven-holer toppled into its excavation. It was obviously a shearing failure of the building ground, but I had no opportunity to explain this to the Council. Of all the people to be decommoded—yes, Alderman M. She lay prostrate, quite beside herself, screaming for medical attention and resisting my advances. Clearly, I could see, an Engineer should be trained in the Medical Sciences.

I returned here, determined to fill in my deficiencies. But after three comfortable years in Commerce it was dismaying to find that I had learned little more than was covered in CE 77 (attention, Mr. D. Panar). It was disappointing to be thrown out of Arts and Science English (my heavy five-o'clock-shadow prevented by playing Lucrece in the current stage production); however, reputation of CE 10 was sufficient to obtain for me my B.A. ad eundem status (see University Calendar, page -3). Similarly, a First Aid Certificate obtained in Third Year admitted me ad eundem status (see page 13, University Calendar) to Final Year Medicine. This was a very trying year; I was trying to cover as much anatomy in one year as the Meds do in five, no small task for a demure Engineer. Incidentally, I was divorced that winter, and it has been hard on me ever since.

This brings me to 1935, when I enrolled, for no reason (has anyone?) in Education, and graduated from that faculty in 1949. It takes a long time to finish in Education, because courses completed in any year become obsolete and will not be considered towards a degree in the year following.

So I looked for a job. None was forthcoming because of an acquired senility which precluded any offer of a responsible position—excepting one from an august group which is contemplating a rehash job on a high bridge around here, and what Engineer worthy of the name wants to be associated with that?—so I guess I'll try Agriculture. Some of them seem to have done fairly well by themselves recently.



CLEOPATRA

... Undermining

CLEOPATRA CHOSEN BY UNDERMINING ASC

Cleopatra, one of the slickest kittens ever seen on this campus, is the choice of the Undermining Engineering Society of the ASC for the annual contest of the Engineers.

Cleo is 5ft. 2in. of the finest feline petting pulchritude to appear here in some time. Majoring in manology, a division of the Fine Arts Department, Cleo is working towards her M.R.S.

Her favorite men are in Arts, but they wouldn't stoop, so she goes with Engineers—Toms and Jerries. Her favorite entertainment is singing in quartets with Handsome Miller, Smiles and Chuckles McQuay, and Speed Morrison. The song, of course, is "Come to the Mardi Gras." Her favorite pastimes are riding tht ETS (Engineering Transit System) with Fearless Fosdick Stroud, Jamie Boy Hole, Brute Hansford and Teetotler Jull, or shooting craps with Hickory Dickery Dockery, Chips Raisbeck,

anger I pointed out to the Mayor that this was not the proper method of disposing of cast-off mulluks. A proclamation to this effect was issued under the Mayor's hand; and once Alderman M. took issue with my vocabulary, informing me that the correct designation should have been moccasons. Clearly, these incidents highlighted the need of an English Culture Course and of some Simple Commerce Subjects (are there any other kind?) in our curriculum.

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FROM AN ENGINEER'S DIARY

By JIM MILLER

1:10 p.m.—Some fool suggested Arts and Science ballot boxes be borrowed to see who was winning the "King" election (we hate hearing information second hand).

1:12 p.m.—Whole class offered to help in plot. Never saw such spirit since last 26 of Ethanol.

1:12½ p.m.—Instructor pleaded not to borrow whole class, but merely use key-men. First time I knew 'Pleading' was done with the toe of a boot and a door being slammed in face. (Oh, well, didn't want to pass the dean's course, anyway.)

1:30 p.m.—Plans laid for ballot counting, but seems the boxes had to be obtained before said count could be made.

2:10 p.m.—Campus cop very friendly. (Friendly Smith and Weston worn on outside of tunic; haven't seen this 'persuader' since last challenged to a quick draw when caught smoking in card room of the cafeteria.)

3:05½ p.m.—Accidentally took wrong staircase in southwest end of Arts Building. (Hmmm, so this is where the tribe hold their meetings; no wonder it includes all the women on the campus. Would sure hate to be barred from this club if co-ed.)

3:05¼ p.m.—Realized mistake, and in haste to amend error, frightened by sole feminine voices, knocked over table with funny looking box, picked up box by error due to un-nervering by those soft feminine voices (haven't heard such soft tones since England where the Banshees announced Jerry).

3:05½ p.m.—Rushed out of Arts Building in vain effort to correct mistake of taking wrong stairway. Noticed box still clutched in chubby grubby paws (so my woman calls them). Accidentally stepped in passing Ford car that "happened by" with door open and motor doing full revs. Asked driver for ride as we passed by Tuck.

3:05½ p.m.—Arrived in front of Education Building to pay social call on Doc LaZerte. Secretary refused 'self-invite' when it was found out we lacked 'A Culture Course.' Met two very nice Arts and Science students in hallway. After much persuasion on their part agreed to deliver ballot boxes to Arts Building. Again surprised on making hastily exit from building in my enthusiasm to get back to my studies (Astronomy, heavenly bodies, Brail system) by grey Ford car that happened by with door open.

4:08 p.m.—Noticed Dr. Newton and guest as we passed them in Nurses' Residence lobby. Rather late for Opening Exercises of Aberhart Hospital. Can't understand surprised look on faces of guests. On hurried exit to get back to studies noticed same type of box as in Arts and Ed Building. (Must contain pills for these Apathetic students you hear so much about in other faculties than Engineering). Decided to Run Chem

Analysis on Pills, so borrowed 'Pill Box.'

4:10 p.m.—Paid Social Call on Miss Simpson. Luckily for either her or us (not sure which) she was not in. Pembina must be in 'good shapes.' Couldn't find any Apathy Pill Boxes on Second or First floor (Third floor not visited as We never Break House Rules (Provost please note)).

8:00 p.m. till 2:00 p.m.—Do you think I would tell you and have my Woman shoot me. However, I think they had some Rules in Gatenik rather hard to abide by.

6:20 a.m.—Closed Text Books (I put this in for Benefit of My Prof). They still wonder when I ever Study (anxious to be first in line for Residence Breakfast so proceeded to Athabaska.

6:30 a.m.—Made slight mistake due to deep thoughts of study in how to sleep in class and still look awake, proceeded to Third Floor of Ath. to get to Dining Room. Ran across ten other Engineering Students who had also come for an Early 'Breakfast.'

6:30¼ a.m.—'Breakfast' hastily; agreed to go for car ride when the subject was discussed. (Can't understand why black object held high in one's hand above another person's head; seems to have more persuasive power than when you ask nicely to come along—must check in this.)

6:30½ a.m.—Break Scott so eager to accompany boys to Breakfast that he forgot the convention of wearing clothes. Students so pleased to see Break Scott, agree to go for ride: they volunteer to carry him on their shoulder. For some reason one student didn't want Scott to catch cold so very kindly stuffed old sick in mouth to keep these cruel fall winds away from his respiratory system. I must say this did seem to hinder the pater of conversation that Scott seemed to want to carry on.

6:31 a.m.—Grey Ford car standing outside Ath. Res. (this car is getting in a rut, must have heard about this play 'Streetcar Called Desire'—French version Time Magazine, Dec. 24th issue, 1949) and wished to get billed as 'Ford Called Available.'

6:35 a.m.—Arrived Varsity Rink in time for eight o'clock lecture (all Engineers are eager eight o'clockers—it says here.

8:20 a.m.—Talked to rather sleepy Pembina student about recent meeting with her brother and passed his regards along (forgot to mention 'recent' was six years ago as I passed through Winnipeg).

8:20½ a.m.—Pembina Student so pleased to hear about her brother begged that conversation be carried on over Hot? cup of coffee at Tuck.

8:21 a.m.—Reluctantly agreed to continue conversation, but who am I to break a Pembina heart. In order to help anxious student not to waste time in continuing conversation waited outside Pembina in Grey Ford (door closed this time).

8:23 a.m.—Made profound apologies as we entered Varsity Skating Rink that my recent visit with her brother was only six years ago, but I did promise him I would look her up some time (just happened to be convenient at this time).

8:40 a.m.—Man with probable Scotch Ancestry applied to fill position at Apathy Pill counter after receiving a rather misleading phone call. Seemed rather disappointed

when told job had been filled by Engineer student, and seemed reluctant to remain as guest. (Mac Stayed.)

Insert from another Engineer's Diary—(we all keep one to not get our dates mixed).

8:50 p.m.—Car (black) finally started and now proceeding by 88 Ave. and 110 St. Motor stopped since 7:30, finally cleared up when key turned on. (Make note, turn key on to start motor next time.)

8:51 a.m.—Offered ride to student leaving house near where car was stalled for hour. Looks like some kind of an actor (hasn't combed hair).

8:53 a.m.—Actor surprised when car turned Varsity rink. Rink rather crowded with four cars here.

Back to original diary.

8:45 a.m.—Phoned Managing Editor Local Paper to report our mix-up and ask what to do. Politely told to go to—classes.

9:10 a.m.—Missed classes, so decided to visit Gateway editor. Met two women students in Ath. Basement (Provost should look into this). Apparently students rather worried about Apathy Pill Boxes as they apparently had not had a pill lately and felt the urge of College spirit coming on.

9:11 a.m.—Politely suggested we could let them have some 'pills' to tide them over the weekend so they would not do anything drastic. However, due to heavy demand by all students (except Engineers) we had to suggest they come with us to receive 'treatment.'

9:11½ a.m.—One woman student gracefully declined ride when she saw Grey Ford. (Gracefully declined—ran screaming to Pembina shouting 'I don't trust You'.)

9:20 a.m.—Secretary-treasurer of Arts and Science club agreed to attend Arts and Science 'meeting' in New Club Rooms at varsity rink. Drove up in his own car.

9:30½ a.m.—Left for hunting trip west of city. It was decided to invite guests to hunting lodge. All agreed heartily.

9:30¾ a.m.—Four cars 'screamed' out of West End of Varsity rink for points Unknown to any Arts and Science Students for quite some time to come.

Wolf: A man who wants to settle down and live Forever Amber.

Rhumba: A dance that accentuates the positive, eliminates the negative, and shakes up everything in between.

Subway: Where people are fresh and firm and fully packed.

Then there is the fellow with the stern look. It seems that his mother was scared by a ferry boat.

She was only a postmaster's daughter, but boy, could she handle the males!



FOUND

On 87 Ave. and 112 St., Seven Keys on a chain with copper fob. Owner may claim them at the Animal Science Lab.

LOST, STRAYED OR WANDERED: ONE BOOK

This book couldn't be of any possible use to anyone but the owner. It is written in German.

Young lady wandered into the office showing obvious signs of distress and asked us to run an ad for her advertising the loss of a German book.

The book has a green and yellow cover and the author is one Rilke. Unfortunately the title seems to have gone astray with the book.

Dr. Healy misses his little pet and the young femme's fingernails are chewed to the second knuckle.

There is a reward for the return of the book, although no mention was made of the nature of this.

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CASH ON THE BARREL-HEAD for all engineers was the rule when tickets went on sale for the 12th annual Engineers' Ball. Buying tickets to the dance from Ticket Manager Gardy Hutcheon is Jim Dier, fourth year mining engineer. Big Ball will be held Saturday, February 4th, at Hangover Hall.

—Photo by Moshansky